

Of Plied Hearts

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Summary: *Naomi* This is a Mia+Picard based after the story of Eros and Psyche in Greek Mythology. R&R!

completed

***Chapter 1*: Of Plied Hearts**

Hi! I finally got around to writing a fan fic.

Garet: Even though you haven't finished the other ones you started.

Hey, I've finished them, I just haven't gotten around to posting them.

Garet: Translation: I'm an idiot who is too deep into my own world that I makes Orchid post my fan fics.

ToT Thanks, Garet. It's great to know that you support me.

Garet: Anytime.

Mia smiled and tried to keep herself from screaming at Alex to get lost. "I'm fine, thanks anyway. I really like the guy hanging out with."

Mia's ex-boyfriend glared at his shoes. "Are you sure? Maybe I know him; what's his name?"

Mia bit her lip. "Well...um...I won't tell you if you don't already know."

Alex looked at her and ##### an eyebrow. "I was suspended for a month. How can you expect me to know all of the school gossip?"

Mia crossed her arms and looked away. "Picard."

"Picard?!" Alex shouted. "What kind of a freakish Star Trek name is that?"

Mia frowned, her clear blue eyes darkened. "Don't make fun of him; he's really nice."

"That means he's ugly," Alex shot back. "Man, I can't believe you're dating an ugly Treky instead of me."

Mia glowered. "By 'you' you mean a jerk who can't stay in school for more than two months without causing trouble. Seriously, vandalizing the cafeteria? Does it get lower than that? I swear, if you didn't go just to school to stare at girls, you wouldn't go at all!"

"Yeah?" Alex was fuming by this point. "Well—er—at least I'm not dating a guy named Picard!"

Mia laughed. "Well, you better start considering guys, because I don't know a single girl who'd even look at you after you got suspended."

"Are you alright, Mia?" Felix asked, not looking away from the road as he drove his black jeep.

Mia stared her backseat window. "I'm fine."

Jenna, Felix's sister, wasn't convinced. "Reality check: no way that you're fine. You've been spacing major assignments lately and you don't even come with me to the mall anymore. You're not fine in any way, shape, or form."

The guy sitting next to Mia crossed his arms and nodded knowledgeably. "No, it's more than that. Mia is in love. I saw

her in history. She had the same look on her face that Jenna gets when she's thinking about me."

"Garet!" Jenna shouted. "You're such a idiot!"

Felix turned around this time to stare angrily at Garet. "Don't even think about it if you value your life."

Mia slugged Garet just because he was out of Jenna's reach as long as she remained buckled. "Jenna's right, you are an idiot. Anyway, guys, I'm fine. Really."

"Okay," Jenna replied, her voice unsure. "Just don't be so glued to the computer and I'm sure you'll get back into the swing of things."

"You've got mail," the robotic voice of the computer told Mia.

"I know that," Mia rolled her eyes. Clicking on the e-mail, she scanned over the message and then read it more thoroughly once she was done.

Dearest Lady Mia,

She loved how he always started his e-mails to her like that. Whenever she saw his salutation her heart sang for joy.

I've felt inclined to tell you of my experience today. I was walking down the hall of my school when I saw a girl who looks just as I imagine you. Though I know it wasn't you, I still felt inclined to ask her name. She looked at me oddly, as I should've expected her too, and said, "Get a life, loser, I'm totally above you."

You can imagine how dejected I felt, but instantly knew she

couldn't be you. Comparing your posed grace to her petty strut is like comparing a peacock to a chicken. Your laughing smile outshines her pasted smirk like a spotlight outshining a 50-watt bulb. It made me laugh at myself that I could even imagine you being akin to that flounder faking to be an angelfish in the tossing sea of high school popularity.

Mia blushed, but began to laugh it off. It was so like him to use poetic words like that on a system that most of her other friends used to send forwards of chain mail.

Lady Mia, in response to your last dispatch, I am not prepared to see your magnificence at this date in time. I acknowledge the fact that you wish to meet and I promise that we shall see each other one day, but not today. I want that day to be perfect, and therefore, it is not yet time. I pray that you will wait.

Still at the mercy of your grandeur,

Picard

Clicking on the 'reply' button, Mia thought of what to write to him. She sighed, because she found herself thoroughly uninspired, but began to type anyway.

To Picard, the holder of my heart:

I'm sorry about that girl. She must be an idiot anyway, so forget her. I care about you and that's all that matters.

And I couldn't have said it in a more cheesy way, Mia thought. She thought about deleting it but decided against it. Cheesy was her personality.

I'm sorry that we can't meet yet. Every hour that I can't see you is agony. Please reconsider.

From the one who doesn't know what to say:

Mia

That wasn't too bad, for being the beginning of a Mia+Picard fan fic.

Garet: Mia+Picard is sickening. I'm gonna go barf.

Thank you for your support. R&R!

***Chapter 2*: Finding the Way**

Chapter 2 is up! This is so cool! I am enjoying myself.
Mia+Picard is fun.

Garet: I though you were a Garet+Mia person. I feel betrayed.

You know, I haven't really written any Garet+Mia, but that's that only type that I approve of.

Garet: Yeah, you're lame.

Finding the Way

"Did you lose your mind or something?" Jenna asked the next day after school. "I thought you were smart enough not to meet a guy from the internet in real life."

Garet kicked at his locker in an attempt to open it. "Jenna's right, Mia. He could be a rapist or something."

Mia winced. "I thought you'd react this way."

"Picard..." Felix muttered. "The name seems familiar."

Jenna rolled her eyes. "It's the name of the captain is Star Trek: The Next Generation. I, as an ex-Treky, know these things."

Felix shook his head. "You said he was from the area, Mia? I know some guys who I instant message that live around here. What's his screen name?"

"What's a screen name?" Gareth asked. "And what's instant message? Jenna, you were a Treky?!"

Jenna slugged Gareth. "Shut up."

"Ow..." Gareth whined as he rubbed his arm.

Mia thought for a moment. "His e-mail is picard126, but I really don't think—"

Jenna cut her off. "No way. No...way! You couldn't find a bigger freak of nature!"

"Jenna..." Felix shot her a warning glance. "Mia, that's one of my good...friends."

"Really?!" Mia shouted. "Is he cute? Does he live around here? Tell me, tell me, tell me!"

Felix pulled a notebook out of his backpack and scribbled something down. "This is his address. I think you should check him out for yourself."

Mia grabbed the notebook from his hands without bothering to pull out the piece of paper. "Alright, I'll walk there. See you guys tomorrow morning!"

"Wait!" Felix called after her. "I can give you a ride."

Mia ran off without looking back. "I'm good! Thanks anyway!"

Mia regretted that she hadn't taken Felix's offer as she waited to cross a busy intersection. "Don't walk" clung to the sign in front of her, not at all intent on leaving. Suddenly, a

rusty old truck with blaring music parked on the curb right next to her. She grimaced as she saw the guy who got out.

"Mia! What are you doing over here?" Alex asked.

Mia didn't bother to continue looking at him. "I'm going to Picard's house. He's going to help me with my calculus."

"Why don't I give you a ride?" Alex queried. "I'd really like to meet Picard."

"No, thank you."

Alex reached out and grabbed Mia's arm. "Seriously, Mia. I want to meet him."

"Let go of me!" Mia shouted.

"Come on, Mia, what's the problem?" Alex smiled cruelly as his grip tightened. "Is Mr. Perfect too good for me to see? Why don't we go ask him who's really better in...say...making the other eat pavement."

"Alex! Let me go!" Mia yelled, struggling to escape. As Alex pulled her toward his truck, she struck out her foot and saw Alex double over as it connected with his groin. Not wasting a second, Mia raced across the street as the sign changed to "walk".

Garet: Man, Alex is a creep. I'm going to have to smack him around a few times for that.

Good, I wish to do likewise.

Garet: Once I'm done with him, I'm going to smack you around. You wrote that part!

Oh, yeah...well...I was possest.

Garet: Yeah.

***Chapter 3*: Trust Abandoned**

sings I'm so happy! Oh, so happy!

Garet: You've already done the last chapter. You posted them all in one morning. I'm proud of you.

I know! I already had it all written out, so I just had to upload it.

Garet: This might actually be one of those stories that you write that has a plot. Wow.

It does have a plot! I'm so proud!

Garet: So, you people reading this should review if you like her writing things that have plots.

And review if you don't, too!

Trust Abandoned

Mia found herself in a beautiful neighborhood as she neared Picard's address. The houses were brand new ones with neat cut lawns and perfect gardens. Glancing at the numbers of the houses, she realized she was standing right in front of Picard's house. It seemed to be the grandest of all; a huge white house with grass as green as leaves in May.

As she walked up the stone pavement, she wondered if she was really ready to go through with this. What if Felix was playing a trick on her and he really didn't know Picard? What if Jenna was right and he was a freak? No way. Felix

was too nice and Jenna hated guys. That was all there was too it.

But...Picard hadn't wanted her to meet him yet. What if he really didn't care about her? What if he had a million other girls on the internet that he sent almost exact copies of his e-mails to her to? That just irked her. She had to find out...she just had too.

Mia raised her hand slowly and flinched as the doorbell rang. She heard the sound of feet...very small ones. The door was thrown open and a ten-year-old blue haired girl stood there. "Hi! Is there something that I can help you with?"

"Um...yes," Mia smiled meakly. "Does Picard live here?"

"Yes," the girl said.

Mia waited for something more, but that seemed all that the little girl had to say. "Can I talk to him?"

The little girl nodded. "Yep! Big brother, there's a lady at the door for you!"

Mia heard a muffled voice call down the stairs. "Is she lost or is she insane?"

"No way!" The girl shouted. "She's so pretty!"

Mia blushed heavily. She bit her lip and stared at the floor until she heard a pair of softer feet running down the stairs. She looked up and saw...him. His hair was teal like a tropical sea on a sunny afternoon. His eyes were golden and so piercing that they reminded her of eagle eyes. He was firmly built with broad shoulders and bulging biceps. The only downside was—his face was zit heaven!

"P--Picard?" Mia asked.

"Um...yes," Picard asked. "Who are you?"

Mia took a deep breath. "I'm Mia."

Picard looked confused for a moment, but then realization spread across his face. "Lady Mia? I told you I couldn't meet you yet."

"Because of your acne?" Mia smiled.

Picard nodded. "I was going to wait until it cleared up, then we could've met."

Mia shrugged. "But I don't care about that. I just wanted to meet you!"

"I'm sorry, Lady Mia," Picard shook his head and slammed the door shut.

Mia wandered around for a bit after that. She had just met the man of her dreams face to face and he'd probably never talk to her again. She walked numbly to 7-11, bought a slushy, and walked slowly home until it got dark. Then she realized that she had a to write a paper on gratitude and ran as fast as she could.

She turned on her computer and connected the internet briefly to check her e-mail. "You've got mail."

Taking a deep breath, Mia read an e-mail that Picard had sent her about fifteen minutes after she had left his house.

Once she was done she disconnected, she spent the next hour writing about how she was grateful that her friends

were so forgiving.

Garet: You know what?

What?

Garet: You really suck at endings.

I know. If you didn't get how it ended, read it again.

Garet: Why don't you just explain?

ARGH!!! Fine! Mia got an e-mail from Picard that told her that he wants to see her again. Mia wrote her essay about gratitude on Picard, because she was glad he had forgiven her for betraying his trust. Happy?

Garet: Actually, I was thinking that it would never take Mia an hour to write an essay.

ARGH!!!

Garet: ^_^ ;; R&R? Please?

***Chapter 4*: Epilogue**

My thanks to everyone who wanted me to write more. I was planning for that last chapter to be the ending, but I got like, six reviews in one day! For me, that's a record. Maybe if someone that people actually knew about was posting this, they might get more, but since nobody knows me, this is awesome. I will stop rambling now! Have a great day!

Epilogue

Some people say that they weren't meant to be. Others say that no couple fit better together. A poor girl with great sense of tradition and caring; a rich boy with fantastic romanticizing and extreme knowledge, neither having a real family of their own. Who would've thought? They would've.

Some people have asked me what happened after what I stated was the last chapter. I figured: Hey, if they like it, why not? It's not everyday that people like my fan fics. So this is what happened.

Summer was coming to an end and Mia wasn't quite sure she wanted it to. She and Picard had really gotten to know each other, even more than they had over e-mail for a year. Mia had found everything she had ever wanted.

About a week after they had started dating, Alex decided to split them up. He found them at a little park where they were having one of those romantic picnics. That just made him sick. He marched right up and realized...Picard was

extremely...robust. Lots of guys would've taken off when Picard turned to look at them like "I'm busy; get lost or I'll break your arm." Alex wasn't smart enough to be one of them.

"I'm Alex."

Picard lifted an eyebrow. "Your point?"

"That's my girl your with, zit-mania," Alex scowled.

"Excuse me?" That was when Mia learned that Picard doesn't like to be made fun of.

Picard threw a couple of punches and a head-splitting roundhouse. This left Alex near unconsciousness. Unfortunately for Alex, he got an adrenaline rush and punched Picard in the stomach. Picard does not like to be punched. Alex was in the hospital for the rest of their lovely summer.

Getting to see Mia everyday didn't stop Picard from sending her love letters. The only difference from the ones he sent before was that these were written with calligraphy ink and sealed with wax. Maybe some girls would've thought that was just a little extreme, but Mia was a romantic and thus this filled her every wish and desire.

On the last day of summer, Mia met Picard by a lake that they had gone boating on a couple of times. She just stood there and hugged him, wishing that she would never have to let go. Picard had explained to Mia that he wanted to wait a while until they kissed, because he wanted it to be magical. This time, Mia respected his wish, however hard it was. So they hugged each other.

Slowly, Picard pulled away. "Look at the sunset."

Mia obeyed. "It's beautiful."

"No," Picard whispered, "You're beautiful. The sunset is just pretty. But when you stand in front of it, it becomes picturesque."

Mia looked up at him and found his golden eyes staring back. "How much longer?"

Picard knew what she meant. "How long does it take for us to reach each other?" And suddenly the sunset was insignificant.

Wow! I wrote it and it's perfect! I feel so wonderful!

Garet: Wow, you are weird. Picard and Mia...kissing?! I'm going to be sick! How can you be so mushy?

That might be due to the facts that I'm a romantic and that I've never had a boyfriend.

Garet: What about fourth grade? Wasn't his name--

Shutup. I am Naomi the Great and I command that you allow me to have my romantic fantasies.

Garet: Whatever.